

THE OREAD.

Vol. 1.

Mount Carroll Seminary, Carroll County, Illinois, May, 1869.

No. 5.

THE OREAD. MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS. MAY, 1869.

With the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of the Oread. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our predominant aim is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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Mount Carroll, Illinois.

POEM.

Written for Student's Recitation Society,
BY MISS A. MILLS.

Earnest Life.

Live! as the azure light streaming from heaven,
Live! as one, who for mastery has striven,
Live! while the air, and the sun, and the stars are given,
Actively, usefully, earnestly live,
Not as the serpent, with poison overflowing,
Not as the sparks on thy hearth never glowing,
Not as the bud from the June roses blooming,
Live as He wills, who gave thee to live—
Onward! move on like the wind of the desert,
Rippling its waters forever and ever,
Though barred the narrow road, though thy heart quiver,
Silent, or onward, like the mountain river,
Boasting good deeds, as the summer's shower pouring

What if no bird through the chill air is soaring?
What if the wind through the branches is roaring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee,
Live as the zephyr that strews its carress,
Mark! how the thankless and evil it blesses;
Tear-stained the cheek, that its soft pillow presses,
Never it ceases to whisper and sing,
What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses?
What if the rock, thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweeter the rest when evening, day closes,
Linger the poem of triumph shall ring.

Upward! and on, like the strong eagle soaring,
Far 'bove the waves of old Ocean loud roaring;
You ride the dark cloud, the sunlight is pouring,
Its life-giving rays without stint for thee,
Then dreadfully rose, pure light ever seeking,
Live bearing that light to hearts that are weeping,

Soils that in darkness and sorrow are sleeping,
Lavishly give, and in me shall be given,
Live as the dew drop, sweet nectar distilling,
Live as the rivulet, rippling and thrilling,
As a wave gently on, welcoming, and filling,

Flowing, curling, and breaking the sea,
What though no chaplet thy forehead is wearing?

What though no titles thy earth-name are wearing?

A crown, and a palm for thee are prepared,
As moment, and day of thy living is over,
Ere the first jewels rest on the bee-haunted cover,

Ere the snowflake shall melt that the bright daisies cover;

What art thou art living forget not the life, love, and hope, all thy dream, and thy willing,

So shall be thine life fruitful with breaking;
So shall even thy soul never slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the life that He gives.

And fettered fast the streams;
In vain! they will not last
Beneath spring's sunny gleams,
Glancing thro' blue-cleft clouds,
She steals the ice away;
Drinks every snow-dike up,
And quick as efts her sway,
Still winter lingers near
When May's outstaring blast,
And when March wind have smiled,
Her face with clouds o'ercast,
Soon into April came,
In laughter, tears, and sighs;
Sometimes she let her winds
Blow dust into our eyes;
Sometimes she smiled at morn
And morn as June,
Bright the sky with clouds,
And in us showers at noon.
O! haste, then, sunny May,
Come from the South and far;
Let thy sweet spirit breathe
Its blessing thro' the air.

St. Louis, 1869. LEE HUNT HALL.

For the Oread.

THE RIVER SPIRIT.

"Then you don't believe in the marvelous, Tom?" said Harry Benton, giving the huge log in the fireplace a kick with the toe of his patent leather boot that sent a shower of sparks flying up the chimney.

"Yes, in a measure, I do; but not in ghosts, or anything of that sort. I never knew of a single instance of spiritual visitants, so called, which could not be attributed to natural causes. If people would be less credulous, and inquire into matters before believing every thing as if 'twere Gospel truth, there would be less superstition in the world, and a deal more common sense. As for your 'Haunted Dell'—bah! Its spirit is a mere fancy of an excited imagination.

"Well, we'll not dispute the point now, for—looking at his watch—it is past eleven, and we must have an early start in the morning if we intend to fetch home any game. I move that we

For "The Oread," HASTEN, MAY.

Come to the river, sweet May,
And down thou wilt thy flood;
We've asked for thee long,
Thou winter's child and queen,
Thou spring's delight thou art,
All hail to thee,
Hail to thee, sweet May,
And now thou wilt be here,
It is thy river, hear,
And now thou wilt be here,
Kiss me with thy soft lips,
Sweet May, thou art here,
I am thy child and queen,
All hail to thee,
Hail to thee, sweet May,
Thou art my love and friend,
Thou art my love and friend,
Thou art my love and friend.

adjourn to the "Land o' Nod."

"I second the motion," yawned Bert Stanley.

"Motion seconded; all in favor of its adoption signify their approval by the usual sign!" cried Harry, springing up and rubbing his eyes vigorously; this act being supposed to be the "usual sign," Bert and I at once imitated it.

Albert Stanley and myself, Tom Eaton, were spending the shooting season with our college friend, Harry Benton, at "The Shades;" a low, rambling, old fashioned mansion, built in the colonial times. Its gray stone walls were almost hid by the tall pines by which it was surrounded, and vines were trained over each projecting window. The neighboring forests abounded in game; and at the time our story commences, we had just completed our arrangements for a grand hunt on the morrow. While giving us a description of how the forest lay, Harry mentioned the "Haunted Dell." On being asked why it was called this, he gave, in brief, the substance of its history. I had expressed my disbelief in such tales, and hence arose the above remarks. The conversation did not affect my dreams; indeed, I don't think I dreamed at all, and I did not awake the following morning until Harry had administered a good shaking.

With the earliest dawn we were on our way; and ere long, the report of our rifles resounded through the forest and numerous small game fell fluttering, dying, to the earth; a single drop of blood marking the spot where the bullet pierced.

But several deer had been seen a few days previous, and we were, principally, in search of them.—Each foot-print in the snow, whether

er of quadruped or biped, was marked with interest. We searched long and diligently, but in vain. The day was almost spent, and not a single deer had greeted our expectant eyes. We were about retracing our steps toward "The Shades," when, on a slight eminence at our right, and but a short distance from us, we beheld two of the prettiest deer it was ever my good fortune to see. But they had espied us, and great caution was necessary.

"Go round the hill, Tom, and head them. I'll beat them off on the opposite side; and Bert, creep up and send them to the southward!"

"All right!" and off I went, my heart throbbing wildly with the pleasure which only a hunter can feel. I reached my destination just "in time to be too late;" for one of them rushed past me with the speed of lightning; and the other, frightened by my sudden appearance, bounded off in the direction of Harry. "Now for it!" I cried, dashing after the first.—On, on, in and out among the thick pines, and still not near enough to venture a shot. Will he never stop? We neared a small clearing; and, at last, he halted, looked around—ping! went the bullet as it sped on its mission of death, and the noble stag fell motionless. I hastened to his side; and after assuring myself that life was entirely extinct, I looked around for some familiar land mark that I might retrace my steps and get the assistance of my companions in carrying home my prize. But none were to be seen! I endeavored to follow my footprints in the snow, but the fast falling shades of evening rendered that impossible. I shouted at the top of my

voice, but no answer came.—Again, and again, I essayed to make myself heard, but in vain; The forest echo was my only answer. I was weary from my day's hunt, and would have given worlds for a crust of bread; but, notwithstanding my fatigue, I wandered long in the dark woods, and it must have been near midnight when I found myself in a deep gorge, walled by perpendicular rocks and overhung with rustling pine trees, on whose projecting limbs were seated myriads of hideous forms that glared upon me with their flaming eyes, and clutched at me with their outstretched claws. At the foot of the crags, a dark stream rushed swiftly on its headlong course. The tardy moon arose from her couch of silver-lined clouds, and, shining through the gnarled branches of the pine trees, imparted a ghostly whiteness to the wild scene.

While I stood gazing and wondering if this were not the "Haunted Glen" of which Harry had spoken, I noticed that the mist from the waterfall seemed to rise higher than previously; and, on looking more closely, I found that it was indeed approaching me; and that it gradually assumed the outline of a maiden, becoming more and more distinct as it drew near. I stood entranced by the vision of loveliness. Never have I beheld such beauty, either of face or form. Her eyes of deepest blue, were shaded by long, silken lashes, and her golden hair floated in wavy masses over her snow-white shoulders. She was clad in a robe of spotless white, which rose and fell with every motion of her graceful form. She spoke not a word, but with one hand pointed to the abyss, and,

with the other, beckoned me to follow her. As one in a dream, I obeyed; and as she flitted downward, always just beyond my reach, I resolved to overtake her, if possible, and solve the mystery of the "Haunted Dell."

At every step, a hissing snake squirmed beneath my feet and bats flew in blind confusion around my head. Down, down, she went, her light feet scarce touching the earth, and with her dainty hand and sparkling eyes, still luring me onward. As we neared the stream, other forms became visible; all beckoning me to follow. At last we reached the brink of a dark pool over which the fair syren floated in air, while I, not knowing how to proceed, stood still.

A confused clamor, so great that it seemed as if all the demons of the infernal regions had been let loose, broke upon my ear.—The fairy form still beckoned; and remembering my resolve to solve the mystery, I sprang forward and fell headlong into the dark pool. Mingled with the wild rush of waters, I heard a silvery voice cry out in tones of triumph, "Is the spirit of this dell a mere fancy or an excited imagination?" The voice died away in a demoniac laugh, and, all was blank.

When I regained my senses, I was lying in my apartment at "The Shades," with anxious friends clustered around me, endeavoring to infuse life into my chilled frame. I was very weak from excitement and exposure, and a long spell of sickness followed: so that it was some time before I learned the particulars of my rescue.

One day when I had recovered sufficiently to talk, I asked Harry to tell me about it.

"Yes," said he, "that was a pretty

narrow escape, and 'twas all we could do to haul you out of that black hole. You see, when we saw only one of the deer, and you did not make your appearance, we concluded you were on the other one's track; and after securing our game, we started to find you. It took us some time, however, for it was so dark; but we got a torch and by its light followed up your steps.

We expected to find you with your game; but when we reached it you were not to be seen. We finally traced you to the "Haunted Dell" and arrived just in time to see you hanging over the pool. We were so glad to see you that we shouted at the top of our voices, and an awful noise it made; in fact, I never heard such a multitude of discordant sounds as was produced by the echoing of that shout. I guess it must have frightened you, or else you were bewitched, for you made a spring forward and fell into the water. We managed to get you out, and here you are. What has puzzled me is, how you ever came to go down into that place."

I related to him my adventure of the night, while he listened eagerly to my account of the fair syren; finally, on his asking me if I could attribute her appearance to natural causes, I was obliged to confess my inability. Perhaps some wiser person can solve the mystery.

Harry often refers to my experience in the "ghost line," as he terms it, and tells his friends that Tom Eaton, the incredulous, has become Tom Eaton, the credulous.

CHAS. C. FARMER,

Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.—Office on Market St., Mount Carroll, Ill., over H. & C. Vandaght's store. Charges reasonable, and all work warranted.

ORATION

Delivered before the Students' Reunion Society at its last Annual Meeting,
BY J. MORRIS REA.

The Supremacy of the English Language.

No language probably has experienced so many changes as the English. New words are being continually added, and other words are dropping out of common use. Yet the body of the language has remained, essentially, the same in all ages.

William the Conqueror, did at one time attempt to substitute for the Anglo Saxon, the Norman French; but the common people refused to speak any other than the grand old tongue endeared to them as it was by a thousand pleasant memories, and by the precious associations of seven centuries.

The English has levied contributions upon some of the dead, and upon many of the spoken languages. It has been enriched by a great number of words taken from the Latin and Greek, from the German, French, Spanish, and Italian; so that now there is no modification of an idea, however subtle; no flight of fancy, however lofty; no impulse of the soul, however grand, that our vocabulary may not adequately express.

That day belongs to the far future when only one tongue shall be spoken by the nations of the earth. The language of a people has too strong a hold upon the soil to be easily uprooted. It may be decaying year by year, constantly losing strength and vigor, and yet retain so much vitality that it perishes only with the race that uses it. But if there is one language which will be spoken by more people than any other; which will take a position of undisputed supremacy; which will be the cosmopolitan speech of the world, it is the English. It is now spoken

by more than half of the civilized population of the globe, and every year it is making new conquests. It is fast becoming the language of science and art, as it is already the language of commerce and progressive civilization. Four-fifths of all the discoveries made in the last hundred years, including those grand discoveries of steam and electricity, and their uses, have been made by those who speak the English tongue. The great bulk of the world's commerce is controlled by England and America. Their ships breast the waves of every sea, and the masts of their vessels bend in every breeze.

The political power of these two great nations will effectually aid in giving their language the supremacy. The influence of America upon her neighbors is continually increasing. She is slowly absorbing, by conquest or purchase, the territory of the adjacent States, and it is no extravagance of speech to say that the day is surely approaching when her flag of freedom will float in peaceful triumph over the entire continent. While England does not now stand at the head of the European political system, she yet possesses much power. While other nations have been wasting their revenues in useless armaments, she has been husbanding her resources, and she may soon again resume her old place as queen of nations and arbiter of the destinies of continental Europe. In the East, the influence of England is well nigh supreme. She dictates terms of peace or war in Burmah, Siam, and Afghanistan. She holds the reins of government as firmly over her great empire of India as she does in her own insular dominions. Does the proud Emperor of

Abyssinia violate the law of nations by imprisoning the English Ambassador? Straightway, he hears the thunder of English cannon round the walls of his imperial palace. The Ambassador is released and the English name vindicated. All this power which God has given to those who speak the English tongue must and will aid in the diffusion of the language.

The excellence of our literature, even if deprived of every auxiliary, would alone secure for our speech the mastery. Ancient Greece gave to the world Demosthenes, Aristotle, Herodotus, and Homer. Ancient Rome, Horace, Cicero, and Virgil. Among the moderns, the French boast of Racine and Moliere. The Spaniards of Cervantes, and Lope De Toga; and the Italians of Dante, Petarch, and Tasso. But we may boast of geniuses mightier than either of these. The world has long believed Demosthenes to be its great orator, but the time is coming when the man will give the crown of eloquence, as the few have already done, to Edmund Burke. Milton's matchless epic is more gorgeously ornamented than the Inferno of Dante. He has soared into regions of sublimity higher than the loftiest flight of Homer's muse. The philosophy of Bacon surpasses that of Aristotle, as much as the moderns surpass the ancients in knowledge. But whom shall we compare with Shakespeare, whose mighty genius is without a peer! No literature, either ancient or modern, can furnish a parallel for the transcendent dominator of every human emotion.

Must we with so grand a literature as ours, be forever controlled by a blind idolatry for the past?

Must all noble, eager aspirations of youth be buried in the sepulcher of dead tongues? Must we devote from six to eight of the best years of human life to the digging of Greek Roots and the unearthing of Latin derivations, that we may acquire a certain amount of dexterity in the use and employment of these dead languages? that we may, with nicely attuned ear, scan some Latin ode or bear a part in some most learned controversy about the construction of a Greek stanza, while we have nothing in common with the progressive spirit of our age, and know nothing of the beauty, power, and grandeur of our own English literature?

"In this march of mind,
In the steamship and the railway, and the
thoughts that shake mankind."

Shall not our institutions of learning give some attention to the study of the beauties of our own language and literature?—For the *Iliad*, and *Eneid*, let us substitute *Paradise Lost*, or the matchless dramas of Shakspeare. Instead of Demosthenes on the crown, let the young orator study Webster's reply to Hayne, or Burke's address to his Bristol constituents, thus recognizing the supremacy of our literature, and aiding in extending the supremacy of our language.

He may indeed dream in vain who dreams our language will be universal in its empire; but we may hope it will be permanent, and the English language embodies the utterances of truth; that year by year it will win new victories; that, as barbarous dialects disappear, the English will supply their place; that, as the political influence of the Anglo Saxon race increases: as the world accepts our faith; as the achievements of

science and art continue: as the walls of barbarian prejudice are broken down, and China, Japan, and the islands of the sea, are made tributary to our commerce, that the English language will bear away the prize of supremacy: and this we will hail as the golden age of an art beautiful and refining; of a science true and ennobling; of a religion whose pure precepts and beneficent influences will elevate and bless the universal brotherhood of man.

ESSAY.

Read by Mrs. DUN. CHURCH, before the Student's Re-union Society at their last Annual Meeting.

DEVELOPMENT.

We have chosen for our theme, to-day, the simple term development.

Many are the modes in which it might be treated, but on the present occasion, we wish only to view it from its effects, rather than to trace it through its successive degrees of advancement.

We understand by development, the changing of the elementary parts which have united to form a whole, to a different state of composition. We can trace development in all its stages from the simple to the great, the complex, alike in the physical, the intellectual, and the moral universe.

Our eyes may rest on the undeveloped volcano, its many craters being yet in embryo. The vine and the rose climb from its summit. The child of the peasant gathers wild flowers there, while the foreigner passes unheeding it.

Still the work of development advances. In the very heart of the now peaceful mountain, Nature is developing one of her most wonderful physical changes: and before the vine shall cover the foliage, Nature, herself, shall trem-

ble at the outbursting of the fully developed crater.

To-day, clouds are shading the hills and shadowing the valleys. A storm is developing, and soon Nature, true to herself, will deluge the earth with torrents of water. The masterly wind twists the giant oaks from their foundations, while the forked lightnings play in mid-sky: but, before the morning's dawn, the wind, in the form of gentle zephyrs, will play amid the airy waters which will have been converted into gentle dewdrops to glisten on every bud and flower. Oh, how truly mysterious are the developments of Nature! but for these changes, our days would remain cloudless and our nights devoid of dew.

Advancing a step, we have a view of intellectual development. Man appears to have been placed on the earth, a helpless individual; but possessed of a mind capable of a greater degree of development than one can conceive.

Centuries upon centuries ago, we see him on the hills of ancient Egypt, numbering the distant stars with indifference and beholding the developments of nature with the same apathy. But, as the germ of the mind begins to develop, the scene changes. The distant stars are now traced in their course with infinite pleasure: observation is added to observation until an intellectual science, the science of Astronomy, is developed: and, to-day, man by his intellectual strength can peer amid the starry lights and follow the solar systems in their circles forming one stupendous whole; he can estimate the magic weight of the sun, compute the distance from starry realm to realm, and gaze beyond the hazy lights of the milky way. All this

is purely intellectual development.

But, on the present occasion, we do not expect to trace our subject through its loftier themes. We do not expect to trace the science from base to summit, but will leave it for the pen of the more able.

Next in order, come the effects of development as they present themselves to us in the moral universe. Indeed the subject here appears too masterly to be reached. We can only stand at a distance, as it were, and view the properly or improperly developed currents of the moral world.

We may have many abnormal physical developments, but their effect in the great design of the wise Creator, is scarcely perceptible. In the intellectual, we believe there are no such instances. But when we come to improper moral development, the scene is indeed hideous. To man alone we must look for this: for he only, of all the sublunary beings, possesses the power of such development. When improperly directed, his acts often resemble those of a demon: but when properly trained, they appear almost God-like.

Man, ignoble man! created in the image of his Maker. To-day we see him, on the one hand, amid his crimes and bloodshed. In the distance we see the smoldering city, the ruins of Empires and Kingdoms, that resemble the scene of an inactive crater after it has ceased to deluge forth its fiery contents: on the other hand, with a proper moral development, we behold our Howards, our Lutlars, our Martins; and last, though not least, even our loved Florence Nightingale. If we were to view our Kingdoms, Empires, and Re-

publies as individuals, we should behold them dyed with immorality and pouring forth deceptions: filled with selfishness and dishonesty which has demoralized our legislators until the very earth groans under legalized sin. These are the fruits of immoral development.

We see that man only is endowed with the physical, the intellectual, and the moral elements. The poet says,

"If one were so large, that they could span from pole to pole,
It is not the body that makes the man, but the soul."

Ah! the morals of men and nations! If they are deformed, they cast their shadows from age to age. They tear down that which can never be rebuilt.

But such is the beauty and harmony existing between our physical and moral natures, that each must influence the other. If the physical nature is nourished, it gives a proper foundation for the intellectual, and the latter should carefully guard a proper moral growth. Viewing these facts, we feel that man can become most what he will.

With the frame of a Windship, supporting the brain of a Newton, guarded by the morals of a Melancthon, one could stand like the adamantine rocks of Gibraltar which say to the proud waves, "Break and return."

In beholding this unity of harmony and design, and knowing it to be the handiwork of our loved Creator, we are led to exclaim,

"Give us power to conquer!"

For the Oread.

THE MISSION OF THE SUN-BEAMS.

Early in the morning while darkness still covered the face of the earth, the King of day called his sons and daughters, the Sunbeams, about him; and giving them full directions as to

their various duties, he sent them forth to the distant parts of earth, to execute his commands. Some he sent to polish the blades of grass, and paint the delicate hues of the flowers; to play at merry games of hide-and-seek with the leaves on the trees, and chase the shadows from the forest, hill, and plain.

Some were to wait upon the King, their father, and announce his coming to the children of men by gilding the eastern horizon. They were to surround him when he made his appearance and attend him in his journey; also, to paint the clouds and beautify the heavens.

Others were to dwell upon the waters of the mighty deep; to play in the cataract, the cascade, and the rivulet; and to arrange the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

Those upon his left, he sent to kiss the dew that rested upon the face of all nature, bending leaf and flower with its heavy weight. It was assigned as the duty of these, to gather the dewdrops, and to take the moisture from the low damp fields, leaving them dry and ready for the farmer's use. These Sunbeams were to convey the dewdrops and the moisture to yon distant clouds, to be treasured in these vast receivers till the earth should become dry and parched, and the flowers should again lift their thirsty lips to receive the falling dew and the gentle rain. The next that approached to listen to his commands he sent to the filthy streets of the great cities, telling them to work faithfully and to do all within their power to guard against sickness and thereby prevent sorrow from making the poor unfortunates of earth more miserable. They were told to penetrate the deepest and darkest recesses of those streets and alleys; to remove the milderew and the mold from the damp walls of those dreary habitations; also to purify the atmosphere and thereby bless and gladden the hearts of those who know but little of the pure joys of life. To those upon his right he said "yours

is an important mission. I bid you go to the rooms of the sick and suffering ones; light and warm them with your bright and genial rays; and whether the suffering ones be little children that have just begun to feel the stings of disease, or persons of maturer growth, bless them by driving away the poisonous substance that ladens every breath, and pain and sickness will disappear. Carry healing on your wings; impart to all life, strength, and vigor; and tinge the pale cheeks with the bloom of health." Last of all came the King's darling child, a bright, sunny haired daughter. "And what shall be your work my child?" he said, while looking into the depths of her large blue eyes. "Dear father," said she, "you have assigned a work to all of my brothers and sisters, but I ask that you will lay no command upon me. Please permit me to go to earth and wander where I will." And he said, "Go my child, for I know that you will not spend your time in vain; but wherever you are, there will be peace and happiness." Then the Sunbeams began to depart to fulfill the wishes of the King of day. The last to go was our little beam.—With a kiss and a fond look at her father, she sped away, down through the ether blue, pausing not till she reached the earth. After stopping a moment to smooth her wings, and refresh herself with a drop of dew from the cup of a flower near by, she rose again over the earth. Although not commissioned with any task, she did not lose much time in watching the labors of the other Sunbeams, as they went to work to beautify and bless the world, but on she went, over hill and valley, over lake and plain, to the great city. Now, she employed herself in peeping into the thousand homes of that great city, passing through the abodes of the sick and the poor, leaving sunshine in the dwellings of all. At length, she came to a door from which the black crape swayed to and fro in the sighing breeze. Sadly the little Sunbeam

looked at it, for well she knew that sorrow and anguish filled the breasts of those within. Just then her father's words: "wherever you are there will be peace and happiness" came to her mind. O, thought she if I could only find entrance here! Slowly and carefully she passed around the dwelling till she found an opportunity, then noiselessly entered the darkened apartment. There she saw the lifeless form of a little one that but a few days before had made the house ring with its merry laughter. Near by sat the almost heart-broken mother, and upon a table by her side was lying an open Bible, the leaves of which rustled in the breeze that came through an open window. The little Sunbeam longed to cheer and comfort the weeping one; so darting across the room and resting upon one of the pages of the Holy Book, she looked sadly and lovingly into the face of the lady. At length attracted by her brightness, the lady began to read through her tears; and the first words that met her eye were these; "Suffer little children to come unto me." She continued to read; and as she did so, the tears dried and a sad smile stole over her face. That peaceful look of resignation plainly showed that she realized that He who blessed little children when on earth, had taken her child unto himself.—Now day was drawing to a close; and as twilight deepened, the Sunbeams, having completed their various duties, prepared to depart from the scenes of earth.

As night closed over a busy world, all were again gathered in the bosom of their father, leaving earth better and more beautiful, and its inhabitants wiser and happier for their labors.

For the Oread.

LAUGH, IF YOU ARE WISE.

Ha! ha! Not all who laugh are wise, nor do all who laugh, laugh wisely; but laugh we must.

We all know the effect of a long narrow face that reminds one forcibly of a yard-stick; where each fea-

ture bounded by nearly straight lines is drawn down to the utmost limit; where a horror haunted expression is seated, and the ghost of a smile never hovers; and another, where sundry elevations and depressions in the region of the mouth and eyes make one think of the flavor of early gooseberries. We know no merry, ringing laugh ever passes those hard pale lips. A hush like that of a funeral falls upon us as such a face approaches. The little children read it aright, hush their joyous mirth, and cling close to their mother's side.

The hard fixed face, and the wiry, fretful visage, we meet them by far too frequently on life's highway.—Hope with her loving eyes never looks into their frowning ones, and as they journey on, they shut out from their lives, the sunshine, the pure bright blue of the heavens, the warbling of the birds, and the joyous mirth of rosy little children, lest a softness steal over them and they remember that they once were young.

Oh hard of heart! why will you darken the earth that is made so fair. Open your heart to its gentle teachers, faith and love, and your lives shall begin anew.

There are others whose ringing peals of laughter echo all the day, and one wonders if they will never cease. But they are so good-natured, one cannot be vexed with them, and only a glance into their sparkling eyes sends a smile to your lips.—They are literally round; no sharp angles in face, or form, or character. Their eyes are round and open, the corners of the mouth have an upward curve, and the nose has never been sharpened by prying into other people's affairs. There are dimples in the cheeks and a sparkle in the eyes that carry sunshine wherever they go.—Such people live upon the surface and never penetrate beneath the masks that cover human faces in the busy world. They live to enjoy innocently, and happily, all that is placed before them. Theirs is the present, and the clouds which hang over them have ever a silver lining.

But that man is wise who can laugh when care assails him, and can greet misfortune with a strong proud smile. Life is real and earnest. Woe and weal must come to all. Strength is born in the deep silence of the long-suffering heart, not amidst joy. Sorrow is sent to elevate, not to depress; and when we sink beneath its weight, we rob it of its mission.

Then court neither the stern and unfeeling, or the gay and volatile; but go forward in the path of duty with a brave heart, and a soul at peace with all mankind.

It is not the crafty scheming knave who laughs; only a gleaming smile of triumph may wreath his lips for an instant.

It is not the superficial, senseless exquisite who laughs, for heart and soul are lacking.

We hear laughs of ridicule, of derision, of scorn, of triumph; laughs that are almost fiendish; but a laugh that bubbles up from the heart and ripples away on the air sweeter than tinkling silver bells, can come only from a heart where love, and the fear of God reign.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

What reasonable man can object to allowing them a fair and generous trial of their powers? If any one is ambitious to go beyond the cares and responsibilities of maternity and of home, no lip should be curled in disdain—no hand lifted in opposition, and no tyranny of public opinion should oppress these aspiring souls. If they can carry off prizes in honorable competition with men, let them do so with the applause of all thoughtful minds.—Thus will be liberated in society power that else would slumber in needless obscurity. And we know that a woman need not lose a single feature or element of feminine loveliness by the culture of her abilities. The polished marble is robbed of none of its strength by being fashioned into ornamental

forms. Its sustaining power is equally great as when it came rough and unhewn from the quarry. The polished steel is no less useful, nay, is vastly more helpful to man's uses than when in bars. An educated and skilled woman makes a wife no less affectionate, and possibly much more companionable and appreciative, than if she had been ignorant or trifling. Two of the most scholarly Englishmen now living, one in the Church and the other in the State, have testified most touchingly to the exalted character and ability of their wives. Dean Stanley dedicates one of his great works in these terms: "To the dear memory of her, by whose firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy, these and all other labors have for years been sustained and cheered, this work, which shored her latest care, is now dedicated in sacred and everlasting remembrance." John Stuart Mill speaks of his sainted wife in terms still more lofty and complimentary. The testimonial forms his preface to the great essay on Liberty. "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right, was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now destined never to receive. Where I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her

grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything I can write, unassisted and unprompted by her all but unrivalled wisdom." Let us think, how much poorer the world would be, if Turkish restrictions upon the sex were universally imposed. We may rightfully picture the immense advantages yet to arise from the enjoyment of perfect freedom to make the most and best of all her natural rights and providential advantages. Through the clouds here and there a star has cast its radiance upon the earth; what will be the brilliancy of the heavens, when ten thousand orbs flash and sparkle along its cloudless canopy? Who will breathe to thicken the mists of prejudice? Who will not help to blow aside every particle of vapor that fleets the sky and hides a star? The day approaches when no path will be shut which God and nature have traced for woman's feet, when there will be no arbitrary separation, but all universities will be open to her as freely as to her brother, and a unity of discipline and education will characterize the training of both sexes, while everything that woman can do, she will be freely permitted to attempt. This is the declaration of our faith and the burden of our prayer respecting this great question.—*The Pulpit.*

Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mind.

BOOK NOTICES.

MANUAL OF ELOCUTION, *Founded on the Philosophy of the Human Voice, with Classified Illustrations, by M. S. MITCHELL. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.*

"Dress does not make the man, but since man is made, he looks better dressed up," so Beecher says, and Eldredge & Brother of Philadelphia evidently entertain the same idea with regard to books,—at least such would be the inference from the neat and elegant "dress" of some of their publications now lying on our table. The beauty of the binding, paper, or type, is not, however, to be compared with the merit of the contents.

At that merit we can glance but briefly, because, as an ambitious but youthful Latin student might say, "Tempus fugit" so fast, and space has a limit.

Many improvements have been made in works on Elocution within a few years, and one is disposed, quite naturally, to conclude that the latest is the best. After a careful and enjoyable examination of this "*Manual of Elocution*," we feel compelled to say that it excels, in many important particulars, any other work of the kind that has come under our observation.

A course of rules and exercises are given for the systematic training and discipline of the voice—a sort of *Vocal Gymnastics*, as healthful, as they are improving to the elocutionary powers. Practical remarks and suggestions on *Elocution* and the mode of teaching it, are quoted from such authors as Ware, Russell, Comstock, Murray, Benson, and Addison. Instead of discouraging the student at the outset with a long array of rules, the principles of the science, clearly explained and illustrated, extend through the work. The selections are new and from our best authors, both English and American; and the author is none too sanguine in hoping that "this glimpse of our general literature may tempt to individual research among its treasures, so varied and inexhaustible."

MODEL DEFINER AND MODEL ETYMOLOGY, *With sentences showing the correct use of words, and a Key, giving the Analysis of English words. By B. C. WEBB. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.*

Something more for the little ones, as the author quotes from an ancient proverb: "Blessed is he that helpeth the little ones!" The "*Model Definer*" teaches children the use of words by giving sentences to illustrate their use, e. g., "DENSE, close. (Iron is dense.)" The derivation of words and the meaning of the suffixes and prefixes are given and so illustrated as both to interest and instruct.

The "*Model Etymology*" a higher work in this series is just such a text-book as many schools sadly need. So many students of the higher English branches are deficient in a knowledge of the first principles of the English language!

The Latin roots of words are given and a "*Key to the Analysis of English Words*."

"THE MODEL ROLL BOOK," for the use of Academies, Seminaries, and High Schools. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.

This Roll Book is neatly and durably bound, the paper is of the finest quality, and the whole arrangement of the Record convenient and complete.

"*The Teacher's Model Pocket Register and Grade Book*."—Regarding this truly *Model Grade Book*, our Principals say: "It is just what we need. We shall introduce it at once." Let others "go and do likewise."

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL,.....ILLINOIS.
MAY, 1869.

Editorial Committee for May.

MISS WINONA BRANCH.
" BELL VAIL.
" ABBIE BOSWORTH.Address all Communications to Financial
Manager of The Oread.

EDITORIAL.

With congratulations to all our friends we send forth another number of our paper.

Close to our very hearts, *inside* the pericardium, lies our Oread.

To those who appreciate our efforts, or censure us *justly*, we return our grateful acknowledgments; but *woe* to those who *wantonly* touch the point of their pen to our little sheet.

We do not boast the superiority of the Oread, but we are fully determined that our Gentlemen Editors shall not be obliged to look *very far* behind themselves, in order to see us.

We are well aware that our articles "bear the marks of woman's mind;" but what else could be expected? That we should rush forth with all the fury of a modern Jehu of reform, leaping all social and civil barriers, with the pleasant prospect of being landed very suddenly in the ditch; or, that with pompous gait and masculine lack of invention, we should parade before the public the dusty reformers and rulers of the olden time; or, with "words of learned length," expatiate on the origin and progress of colleges and universities, into which a woman may not *even peep*; or, enlarge upon law, theology, and the other professions which our amiable brothers hold tightly in their generous hands,—sometimes, indeed, giving us a glimpse of the treasures, only to say, "Will you have them *now*, or wait till you get them?"

Further, we are not what is called, "*strong-minded*," neither, we trust, are we *weak-minded*. We will not interfere with our liberal-hearted brothers, excepting when they practically take it for granted that *their* sphere is *the* sphere and the *whole* sphere, and that woman's orbit, *if she has any*, is within this great circle, after the fashion of the Chinese toy,—a wheel within a wheel,—then, we not only think it our "*right*," but our *duty* to have something to say.

A woman is not made only to be "*dressed, petted, and loved*," a *decoration* to society, but she has a duty no less important than that of man, and a sphere which, though different, is no less extensive, in which she can, and ought to be, not only an ornament, but a moving power and a holy influence.

We would not see her, meteor-like, blazing across the literary or political heavens, astonishing the world but for a moment; nor, like a sun eclipsing all with its brilliancy; but rather, as the fixed star or planet receiving light from the Fountain of Wisdom, and reflecting it in calm, steady, beneficent rays.

School life is but the parade ground where we put on our panoply, and prepare for life's great battles. Whether it is "woman's sphere" and "mission" to stand on equal terms with man or not, we will not attempt to decide, but leave it for the investigation of those who have "gone through College," and "know so much more than we." But we are assured, that whatever be a *true* woman's place and duty, the former she will cheerfully *fill*, and the latter she will faithfully perform.

THE REUNION.

The Annual Sociable connected with the Reunion Society will be held on the evening of June 10.

Teachers and all pupils (over fifteen years of age) who have been connected with the Seminary are cordially invited. The gentlemen who have married, will please extend the invitation to their wives, and the ladies who have married, extend the same to their husbands, that all may participate in the festivities of the occasion.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

We are not fully prepared to give a distinct programme of our daily exercises during Commencement Week, ending June 10, 1869. But the following is, however, what we have in anticipation:

The annual sermon before the Young Ladies' Missionary Society will be on Sunday, June 6.

The examination of classes will occur on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following.

The Oread Society will give public entertainments on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. We trust our friends will remember the superior character of our previous entertainments and favor us with their presence. The proceeds will be for the benefit of "Oread."

The Literary Exercises of Reunion will take place on the morning of June 10, commencing at 9 o'clock. The ladies and gentlemen who have been invited to participate, are responding favorably, and we, doubtless, shall enjoy a rich, intellectual feast.

The afternoon will be devoted to the usual Commencement Exercises. All the members of the Senior Class hope to share the honors of the occasion.

We are unable, at this early day, to state who will deliver the annual address, as our arrangements are not yet perfected.

The Canton crape shawl of our grandmothers are coming into fashion.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

We would call attention to our list of new Advertisements, especially those of this city. It will be seen that the citizens appreciate the influence of the Oread as an Advertising medium and well they may. We already have an issue larger than the average of county and ordinary city papers, and if new subscriptionsecontinue to come in, as for the past month, we shall soon, FAR EXCEED their eirenlation. Not that we expect to supersede our excellent county papers, for every good citizen should not only sustain the home press by his subscriptions but by his advertisements, if he has any business to advertise, but through the Oread a class of excellent patrons is reached, that cannot be influenced so effectually in any other way. *Every favor shown to the Oread is recognised and appreciated by the Oreads—mark that.*

For "all the ills that (*teeth*) are heir to" go to C. C. Farmer, who will *make, repair or extract* them in the best manner. See advertisement in another column.

We call attention to Mrs. H. L. Soule's advertisement in another column, and would say to the ladies of Mt. Carroll and vicinity that whatever, in their shopping excursions, they fail to find elsewhere they will be quite sure to find at Mrs. Soule's, particularly in zephyrs and other articles in the fancy-work line. Orders for work are executed satisfactorily and promptly.

J. BRUNSWICK is about adding a fresh stock of spring-goods to his already extensive assortment.—Customers will always find him obliging and attentive.

Those who wish *good goods* at a reasonable rate should call on

FROHLICH & FREIBURGER, whose ability to please is sufficiently evident from their large custom.

Success to our new Dental firm, Dean & Nason. They deserve it. May they never suffer any more pain than they give in extracting the teeth of patients who are under the influence of their Nitrous Oxide.

Fits are not pleasant things, taken in the abstract. There is a kind however we would recommend to the ladies of the Institution and of the city. We refer to the *good fits* sure to be had at Mrs. Cuttings. Give her a call.

THE SURPRISE PRESENTATION.

We do not have any gun-powder plots at the Seminary, but we do have some proceedings which are decidedly Guy Fawkesish in the way in which they are conducted—for example.

Not long since one of our Principals had a birthday and we "made believe" that our other Principal's birthday was the same, thinking quite rationally that their partnership *ought* to extend at least to all such important particulars. So we put our heads together and laid a plot whereby to surprise them and at the same time testify to them in some substantial manner our appreciative regard. The train was laid, the whole school assembled, and we only awaited the coming of the Principals, to apply the match. We were all in such a state of excitement that it would have taken but little gun-powder to make us "go off," but when the parties concerned entered the room their countenances wore only a pleased and mystified expression, as though wondering at the cause of such an assembling. The crisis had come, and, to drop our gun-powder figure, in a few

moments the mystery was explained in a few concise but pertinent remarks from two of the many leaders in the conspiracy.

These young ladies stepping from before two beautiful, centre tables with marble slabs which they had concealed from view, presented them to the Principals in behalf of the school, with a suggestive remark that the durability of the marble indicated the permanence of our gratitude for their kindness.

The recipients acknowledged this expression of their pupils affection in a few heartfelt remarks, one of the pupils favored us with a song, and we considered our *plot* successfully terminated.

Birthdays are great institutions—almost as good as Christmas. But, alas! Birthdays and marble-topped tables do not always come in conjunction.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU AGAIN.

We published last month our purpose to establish a Purchasing Bureau or Agency for the accommodation of the Students and patrons of the Seminary. We have the pleasure to announce one *valuable* purchase just made for Mr. John Fish's daughter, a pupil of the past year. It consists of a fine KNABE PIANO, with an elegant gold border spread and handsome hair cloth stool; all together making a rig worth over seven hundred dollars (\$700.) The Piano is accompanied with the dealers warrantee for ten years. We save to Mr. Fish just one forth the Manufacturers list price, what would otherwise have gone to the Agent. Let all who want musical instruments, consult our terms before purchasing. We *know* we can give *better terms* and *better instruments* for the money paid, than

any Agent selling instruments as a business, possibly can do.

Address Financial Manager.

PREMIUM LIST. TAKE NOTICE.

We are getting up one of the most *liberal Premium Lists* ever offered.

We are bound to have the largest circulation of any *School periodical* published. We will have a large number and variety of premiums, all of which will be of the first quality. Among them we would name, Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, Guitars, Books, (as Webster's Unabridged Dictionaries, &c.) Sewing Machines, Silver Ware, Watches, &c., most of which will be forwarded directly from the manufacturers and warranted to be just what they claim.

Churches, Schools, Lodges or individuals, wanting any musical instrument or Bell have only to raise the requisite sum in subscriptions to The Oread and receive the desired article as a gift. For example, a club of 200 subscribers at \$1.25 each amounts to \$250, for which an Organ or any musical instrument of any make selected, at the maker's list price of \$250, will be immediately forwarded.

If but a part of the price can be raised in subscriptions, the balance may be paid without the subscribers, from which part we will discount one-fourth from retail or list prices.

Again we say, send for our Premium List. Enclose a stamp to pay postage.

THAT NEW KNABE PIANO, Just purchased for Miss Fish, gives entire satisfaction. Mr. Fish has just called to say it came to hand in perfect order and all are delighted with it. Miss Mary may well be proud of her musical outfit worth

over seven hundred dollars (\$700.) while Mr. Fish may well be satisfied with the liberal discount secured through our Purchasing Bureau. There are several other present and old students about making orders by us for Organs and Pianos. Send them on, we will execute them with promptness and economy to the purchasers.

Address Financial Manager.

CLUB RATES.

We have arrangements by which our subscribers may get The Oread and the periodicals given in following list at the prices annexed. To each subscriber will also be given the view of Seminary Building and Grounds noticed in the April number. This picture alone is cheap at one dollar. We trust all who have not availed themselves of the offer of last month, will do so soon, as we cannot promise to continue it in force many months.

THE OREAD AND

	PRICE ALONE.	BOTH & PICTURE FREE.
The Western Monthly, \$2.00	1 yr. \$2.50	"
Arthur's Home Magazine, 2.00	"	2.75 "
Hours at Home, 3.00	"	3.75 "
The Eclectic Magazine, 5.00	"	4.75 "
Saturday Eve. Post, 2.50	"	3.00 "
Phrenological Journal, 3.00	"	3.50 "
Life Illustrated, 3.00	"	3.50 "
Toledo Blade, 2.00	"	2.75 "
Lady's Friend, 2.50	"	3.00 "
Riverside Magazine, 2.50	"	3.00 "
Farmers' Home Journal, 3.00	"	3.75 "
American Agriculturist, 1.50	"	2.50 "
Prairie Farmer, 2.00	"	3.00 "
Western Rural, 2.50	"	3.25 "
The Standard, 2.50	"	3.25 "
The Advance, 2.50	"	2.25 "
The Methodist, 2.50	"	3.25 "
The Chicagoan, 3.00	"	3.50 "
Harper's Bazar, 4.00	"	4.50 "
Litt. H. Living Age, 8.00	"	8.00 "
The Rural New Yorker, 3.00	"	3.75 "
The Atlantic Monthly, 4.00	"	4.50 "
Our Young Folks, 2.00	"	2.75 "
Lippincott's Magazine, 4.00	"	4.50 "
Musical Independent, 2.00	"	2.75 "
Our Boys and Girls, 2.50	"	2.75 "
Iowa Homestead, 2.00	"	2.50 "
Heart and Home, 4.00	"	4.50 "
The Nation, 5.00	"	5.25 "
Woman's Advocate, 2.00	"	2.75 "
American Naturalist, 4.00	"	4.50 "
Demorest's Mirror of Fashion, 3.00	"	3.75 "
Appleton's Journal, 5.00	"	5.25 "
New Englander, 3.00	"	3.50 "

Any other papers desired by our subscribers can be procured with The Oread at rates corresponding to those above. Address Financial Manager of Oread.

MANUAL LABOR FOR STUDENTS.

As we have before mentioned, opportunity is given at this Institution to students needing pecuniary aid, to pay a portion of their expenses by manual labor. We would now give notice, that as there are so many applicants for these situations, some limitation becomes necessary. Hereafter, except in peculiar and extraordinary cases, none will be received under this provision who cannot continue in school the year through. The necessity for this may be obvious. Let all who wish to enter under this provision make early application and if too late for the current or coming year, their names will be filed for the next vacancies that occur. We want none but earnest, faithful persons. It is a choice opportunity for indigent students to secure the privileges of an education and we wish only *worthy* ones to fill the places we have to offer. None need apply who cannot furnish unexceptionable recommendations.

PRINCIPALS.

IMPROVEMENT.

We learn with pleasure that Messrs. Swartz & Laurimore, who have purchased the stock of Messrs. Eacker & Sheldon, intend keeping what is much needed here, a first class Boot and Shoe Store.—They buy for cash and will give customers the advantage of the per cent. system. They are also perfecting arrangements for making Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Boots, Gaiters and Slippers. In short, everything wanted at a first rate establishment, will be found there. We bespeak for them a liberal patronage.

OUR PREMIUM LIST AGAIN.

Though this month is the first we have made public through the Oread our purpose to give premiums to persons raising clubs, yet the work has been going on through offers made in correspondence.

We have just forwarded a fine Esty Organ as a premium on a club raised by one of the old students. This is truly encouraging. One Portable Writing Desk also has been drawn. Let every old pupil engaged in teaching, set about securing something for his or her school. Perhaps a set of Outline Maps; A Globe; A set of Physiological Charts; A Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; A Bell; A School Organ, or School Apparatus of some kind, is needed in the school. The patrons will be more willing to contribute to the object in the way of a subscription to a paper than to pay it without. Thus, while each pupil or patron may give his \$1.25 towards securing the desired article, he will also receive a paper worth the money paid. The same plan may be adopted by Temperance Lodges, Sabbath Schools, &c. We trust the orders will continue to come in and our ambition, if not already attained, soon will be, to have the largest circulation of any paper of its class published. Nor will we rest here: we will not be satisfied with popularity without meriting it. We shall aim to improve our paper from month to month till we may also claim the *best paper* of its class, (i. e. *school paper*) as well as the best circulation.

Let the hundreds—yes, *thousands* of old students of the Mount Carroll Seminary come up to work as cheerfully, nobly and enthusiastically as the few already made acquainted with the enterprise, have

done, and we shall soon be able to give to the public a paper that the Institution may be *proud* to own.
Address, Financial Manager.

PERSONAL.

We are thankful for the good wishes of our friends, and the many kind invitations to send the Oread: but we hope our friends will remember that while these good wishes encourage us in our work, *they will not pay the Printer*. Please remember to enclose amount of subscription and we will be happy to serve you.

So many of the former pupils seem so truly gratified, that *now* they have a medium through which they can renew and retain the acquaintance of "Auld Lang Syne," that we take pleasure in giving their address, together with such items of interest as we can glean from letters received. How often the mention of a name will bring to mind all the pleasing associations of years, and we live over again the happy past. Then, who that has ever been connected with the Seminary, either as teacher or pupil, will neglect to subscribe for "The Oread?" It surely, is the connecting link between the past and the present.

Our old friend and pupil, Maggie Fuller, now Mrs. Dr. Burnside, is residing at Belvidere. Fifteen years have passed since Maggie came with us as a pupil, and her letter brought to mind many pleasing reminiscences. She will be with us at the coming Reunion, the 1st of June, and take part in the Literary exercises. She sends subscription for the Oread.

Wm. S. Shirk writes in his usual happy vein, from Warsaw, Benton Co., Mo., where he is practicing Law. We are heartily glad that he is succeeding so well in his profession. He has the talent, natu-

ral and highly cultivated too, for a thorough business man and a discriminating lawyer. We trust he will prove in his practice, that a lawyer *can* be an honest man. He is married, and he has our best wishes for a long and happy life.

He has no idea of forgetting his old friends, for he says, "Of course, I want The Oread,—enclosed please find amount of subscription."

In this connection we will answer one of his queries, as others may be laboring under the same impression. The name of the "Reunion Society" has never been changed to the "Oread." The latter is a recent organization, composed of young ladies connected with the Seminary the present year.

In another column the reader will find a contribution from the pen of Mrs. Libby Lunt Hall. Her present address is 318 Chestnut St., St. Louis. She has a decided poetic taste, and will contribute regularly to the columns of the Oread. We are always glad to hear from her.

We notice in the Musical Independent, which, by the way, is one of the best Musical papers that find their way into our Reading Room, the card of Miss Mary E. Mathews, Organist at Tabernacle Church, Teacher of Piano-Forte. Address, 91 Aberdeen St., Chicago. She will visit us in June and take part in Reunion Exercises.—She asks in her recent letter, "Will our Graduating Class, and dear Libbie Lunt be there?"

J. Morris Rea delivered a fine oration before the last Reunion Society. It will be found in the present number of Oread. Morris is reading law in this city. He has a bright future before him.

Miss Mattie Drake, Morrison, is still engaged in teaching. She loves the work as much as ever, and

her sister, Mrs. Hattie Exley, is following in her footsteps.

Miss Sophie A. Towne has been teaching in Hillsdale, DuPage Co., the past year with good success.

Miss Ella Starmer, Milledgeville, is spending the time at home engaged in her Musical studies.— We hope she will come to the Reunion and bring her music with her. She sends subscription for Oread.

Marvin T. Grattan is at Preston, Minn. He is agent for McCormick's Reapers and Mowers. He was married last winter.

Miss Sarah E. Elliott, Lowell, is anxious to do what she can for the Oread, and begins by sending her own subscription.

J. Harvey Mitchell is Railroad and Express Agent at Minonk, on the Central Road. He seems to remember his school days with much satisfaction. He writes, "I owe my success in life to the thorough training I received at your school." He is married, and sends subscription to the Oread.

Sam. R. Murray is in Albany at present. He spends his summer months on the River. We met him last summer on board the steamer Dubuque, bound for St. Paul. Our party were indebted to him for many items of interest that center around many points on the Upper Mississippi. At his suggestion, we spent two or three days at the Sawyer House, Stillwater, on the St. Croix River, where we received many little attentions that are so welcome to the stranger, doubtless through Sammy's influence. He seemed determined that we should see and enjoy the beauties in and around Stillwater. If any of our readers contemplate a trip to St. Paul, we should advise them to go up the St. Croix to Stillwater by all means, and if they chance to

fall in company with Sammy, they will enjoy the trip all the more.

Miss Sarah M. Rich is still teaching in Sterling. We hope she will make her arrangements to be here at the Reunion. She has many warm friends who will be happy to meet her. Sarah loves teaching, hence, makes a good teacher.

Miss Clara McDearmon, Como, sends subscription for Oread. We are glad that Clara does not consider her education finished, because she has received a Diploma. She is at present engaged in acquiring a practical knowledge of housekeeping. Home is, emphatically, the best place to acquire this last accomplishment. It is no little matter to be *at home* in general Literature, Music and Housekeeping.

Mrs. Olive Leonard, Earlville, says she has been a pupil in the Seminary; but we have no clue to her maiden name. We trust Mrs. L. will write again and give us her full name. She sends subscription for Oread.

Miss Jennie E. Truhela, Scales' Mound, says she is teaching, but enjoys being a student more.

Miss Clara V. Shaw is profitably engaged in painting Photographs for an Art Gallery in Dubuque.— She is so patient and persevering, success is sure. She sends subscription for Oread.

Mrs. Lucinda Prescott Hughes, Fair Haven, writes that she would like to subscribe for the Oread, but a friend lends her one to read, so she will not take it *this* year. We are heartily glad she has so good a friend, for, no doubt, the many interesting articles in our paper will relieve the tedium of housekeeping.

Miss Annie P. Sutton, Trivoli, sends subscription for the Oread. We hope Annie will come to the Reunion, June 10. We are anticipating a delightful time.

Miss Jennie Fergusson, Milledgeville, writes that she likes the Oread ever so much and adds, "When I read how nicely the girls are getting along, especially the Music Class, I feel quite homesick to get back to the old Seminary." Her brother, Ephraim L., also has a copy of the Oread. He taught near home during the winter, with good success.

Miss Martha Mathews, Fulton, has been teaching during the winter near Fulton and continues during the summer. She sends subscription for Oread.

Thomas McCracken says he is coming home in June. As he takes the Oread, he will be sure to remember that the Reunion is the 10th of June.

Samuel McCall is home from New Hampton Institute, N. H., where he is preparing for Dartmouth College. Dartmouth has sent forth many able men; we hope Sammy's seven years' continued study will enable him to be among the best. He will take part in Reunion Exercises.

John V. Ennmitt is in a hardware store in Sterling. He sends subscription for Oread.

Miss Martha A. Parker, Mossville, sends subscription for Oread. She is at home at present.

Miss Mary I. Gallup is making herself useful at home. She, too, is pleased with the Oread, and hopes it may always be as good as it has been thus far. She sends subscription. Mr. and Mrs. Gallup have been fortunate in cultivating the literary taste of their daughters, for there are but few families that can boast of three copies of Oread.

C. Linneaus Hostetter has opened a Law Office in this city, and bids fair to make himself useful in his profession. He will contribute to the Literary Exercises of Reunion.

Mrs. Marietta Simmons Crouse, Mossville, read an interesting Essay before the last Reunion Society.—It will be found in the present number of Oread.

H. H. C. Miller is still at Channahon. He will excuse us if we copy a paragraph from his letter to us, received a few weeks since :

"It rejoices me to hear of your continued prosperity ; for I have a deep interest in the 'Old Sem.' yet. To your careful instruction and kind advice, I am greatly indebted for whatever moral and intellectual strength I may now possess.

"My college life was pleasant, very pleasant ; and, yet, I can say honestly, that the sweetest memories of my schooldays cluster around your Seminary. I often think of those happy days,—now a part of 'The Olden Time,'—when I was a member of your family. They furnish material for many a meditation."

He also adds, "The Oreads have my best wishes for their success, and my subscription for their paper."

We recently received the *Omaha Herald*, in which we noticed that Humphreys was one of a large excursion party from Michigan University that visited Omaha a short time since. The party seem to have made a good impression upon the minds of the citizens, or at least, on the mind of the Editor of the *Herald*.

George S. Miller called to say "Good Bye," before he left for Greenwood, Jackson Co., Mo.—He subscribed for the Oread, and we hope we may receive from his pen an account of this new El Dorado.

John N. Cronse, D. D. S., has left Mount Carroll, and located in Chicago. His office is 163 Wash Avenue.

He has few superiors as a Dentist, and we bespeak for him an extensive practice, for he does thorough work.

He called on us during a recent

visit to this vicinity, and it seemed like olden times to see his genial face and hear his merry laugh.

We were pained to receive the following sad intelligence from Joseph E. Shipton, Elizabeth :

"Brother John, after receiving his Diploma at Rush Medical College, went to Florida for the benefit of his health. After remaining there two months, he started for home, and at Detroit, Michigan, on the 19th of March, he died of Consumption. I am sorry also to inform you that Mary Jane Shipton died at her residence in Mineral Point, Wis., on the 20th of same month, of same disease."

Consumption, thou fell destroyer! why dost thou choose the fairest and best? Well do we remember the many noble traits of character in the brother, and the sweet, confiding trust of the sister. The family friends may rest assured they have our heartfelt sympathies in this sad bereavement.

We also gather the following from a letter written by Mrs. E. J. Higley, Lyndon :

"Mattie Higley died on the eighth of January,—died as she had lived, calmly and peacefully, knowing in whom she trusted. Although a sufferer for months, a sudden cold terminated in Congestion, and death quickly followed."

Thus another in the spring-time of life is snatched from earth to rest in Heaven. It sometimes seems hard for frail mortals such as we are, to *feel* as well as say, "He doeth all things well;" but, in Mattie's case, we know that "our loss is her eternal gain."

ALL MUSICIANS

And lovers of music should subscribe for some *Musical periodical*. We call especial attention to the rare opportunity offered in another column, to secure one of the most valuable monthlies published. If that offer does not suit we will give the following : To any person

sending us four new subscribers to 'The Oread, we will give "Peters' Musical Monthly and U. S. Review" one year, as a premium.

Students' Report for Month Ending April 18, 1869.

Latin—A, Miss Branch ; B, Miss Campbell ; C, Miss Merrill. *French*—Miss Crouse. *Music*—Miss Mason's Class, Miss Briggs ; Miss Case's Class, Misses Pollock and Cornelius ; Miss McDaniel's Class, Miss Riley. *Vocalization*—Miss Briggs. *Thorough Bass*—Miss L. Smith.

Painting—*Oil*—A, Miss Charles ; B, Miss Pollock. *Pastel*—Miss Preston. *Pencil*—*from flats*, John M. Rinewalt ; *from objects*, Miss L. Smith.

Gymnastics—(1st div.) Miss Riley ; (2d div.) Miss Harvey.

Composition—Miss Charles.

Declamation—Miss Mason.

Logic—Miss Briggs.

Criticism—Miss Charles.

Mental Philosophy—Miss Branch.

Rhetoric—All have done well.

Natural Philosophy—Miss Lambertson.

Geometry—A, Miss Lambertson ; B, Miss Pollock.

Geology—Miss Tomlinson.

Botany—All have done well.

Astronomy—Miss Eacker.

Algebra—*Stoddard's*, Miss Vail ; *Davies'*, A, Miss Olmstead ; B, Miss Phillips.

Book-Keeping—Miss Merrill.

Evidences of Christianity—Miss Hathaway.

Practical Arithmetic—A, Miss Phillips ; B, Miss Bucklin ; C, Miss Bryant ; D, Miss Camp.

Intellectual Arithmetic—A, Misses Olmstead and Phillips ; B, Misses Steffins and French ; C, Olive Turner ; D, Mary Grattan ; E, Mary Lichty.

Grammar—A, Miss Pope ; B, Miss French ; C, Miss Steffins. *Analysis*—Miss Merrill.

Geography—*Guyot's*, Mary Bliss. *Map Drawing*, Lilla Riley. *Colton's*, Amelia Moor. *Map Drawing*, Emma Chrisman. *Primary Geography*, Mary Lichty. *Primer of Geography*, Jessie Miles.

History—Miss Eacker.

Reading—A, Miss Masnn ; B, Miss French ; C, Susie Colver ; E, Nellie Hostetter.

Spelling—Miss Eacker.

Penmanship—Miss Olmstead.

Writing on Blackboard—Carrie Stollar.

The following classes finished their respective text-books and were examined at close of winter term : Primary Grammar ; Physical Geography ; Practical Arithmetic, A ; Moral Science ; Mental Philosophy ; Natural Philosophy ; Stoddard's Algebra ; Physiology, and Criticism.

The examination was very thorough.—Two hours were assigned to each class, thus enabling the teacher to be very critical in her examination of each pupil. They all sustained themselves well and both teacher and pupil deserved the highest praise. The Principals feel that these private examinations are far more satisfactory than those that are more public,—the prime object is to ascertain how thorough the work of the teacher and pupil has been, rather than to

make a mere show before an unappreciative audience. Members of Examining Committee were present daily.

Names of Boarding pupils who adhered to the general regulations of the family.—Misses Branch, Briggs, Bosworth, Bucklin, Bowers, Bryant, Charles, Campbell, French, Holcomb, Harvey, Hathaway, Lambertson, Mason, Olmsted, Pollnck, Parker, Phillips, Ruggles, Steffins, Turner, Vail and Whitten.

Unexceptionable Department.—Misses Pollock and Branch.

BOOK NOTICES.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.—

This work, the first of its kind, has been compiled with great care and labor, and presents classifications so complete that the information which it furnishes may be gained without trouble.

It contains descriptive lists of the Newspapers and other Periodicals in the United States and Territories, the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, and of the Towns and Cities where newspapers are published; a list of newspapers and periodicals claiming more than 5,000 circulation; of those claiming more than 10,000; and of those claiming more than 20,000, at each issue.

There is, also, a classification according to the character of the paper, as Religious, Agricultural, Medical, Educational &c.; and according to the language into German, French, Scandinavian &c.

The paper is of excellent quality, the type clear, the binding tasteful and durable.

It is a work which will prove to be invaluable to advertisers and publishers.

New York: Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 40 Park Row.

We have received Vol. II of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works, containing The Lady of the Lake, Vision of Don Roderick and Lokeby, with an appendix to each poem of full explanatory notes.

The paper is white, the type not too fine to be pleasantly legible and the price but nominal. Surely none need now be unfamiliar with these beautiful legendary poems.

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for Sixpence each, about 11 cts our currency. The whole thing complete for about 28 cts. per vol. Who would fail to improve the opportunity thus afforded to make additions to their Libraries.

Address W. W. Swayne, 210 Fulton St., Brooklyn, New York, Colonial Agent.

HOW TO TREAT THE SICK WITHOUT MEDICINE. By JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Physician-in-Chief of Our Home on the Hillside, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. Austin, Jackson & Co., Publishers.

We need this work not so much, perhaps, because it tells us something which we did not know as because it persuades us to the use of knowledge and instrumentalities already ours. Dr. Jackson's theory is that no agent should be used in restoring health which is not useful in preserving it, and, hence, discards all drugs, whether allopathic or homeopathic, and has for his materia medica, air, food, water, sunlight, dress, exercise, sleep, rest, social influences, mental and moral forces. The use to be made of these agents in every variety of disease is given clearly and concisely together with a description of the disease.

Not only invalids, but those who desire to preserve themselves in health would do well to read this book and have it on hand for reference. It would save many hours of illness as well as physician's fees.

A portrait of the author is given and a fine engraving of "Our Home on the Hillside" with its picturesque scenery.

Peters' Musical Review

For April is to hand, and, in addition to fifteen pages of select reading matter, contains the following new and beautiful music:

Ain't I Sweet? A lady's comic song. By T. Brigham Bishop.

Rest, Darling, Rest. A beautiful lullaby. By E. C. Hsley.

I'm Still a Friend to You. Song and Chorus. By Will S. Hays.

He Wipes the Tear from Every Eye. Sacred Song. By H. P. Danks.

Forest Glade March. By Charles Kinkel.

Damask Rose Waltz. By E. Mack.

Golden Sunset Mazurka. By J. Harris-toun.

Music is generally considered expensive, but when such a quantity is furnished for the small sum of thirty cents, it ceases to be a luxury, and even the poorest may sing, play, and be happy.

Our musical friends will do well to examine this work, and we feel confident that thirty cents, sent to the publishers for a sample copy, will yield them a larger return for their investment than any similar outlay they can make. Send for a copy, or get your news-dealer to get one for you, and we will guarantee you will thank us for calling your attention to it.

It is issued by J. L. Peters, music publisher, Box 5459, New York, at the low price of \$3 a year, or 80 cents for single copies.

Loving music ourselves, we naturally feel interested in circulating it among our musical friends, and know of no better way of doing so than by recommending *Peters' Musical Monthly*. The reading matter is not excelled by any of the standard monthlies, and the music is all that can be desired, both as regard quantity and quality. Knowing this to be the case, we have made arrangements with the publisher to club it with our paper, and will send *The Oread* and *Peters' Musical Monthly* both, one year for \$3.00. This is in effect giving our paper as a premium to all who send the regular subscription price for the *Musical Monthly*.—Those who already have *The Oread*, can secure the *Musical Monthly* a year, by sending us \$1.75.

5

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8th " "	3.75	8th " "	3.75
9th " "	4.00	9th " "	4.00
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11th " "	4.50	11th " "	4.50
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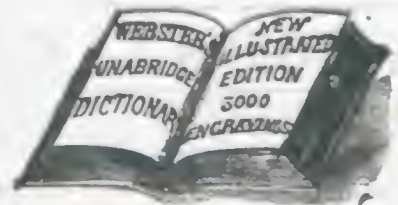
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MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY.

THIS INSTITUTION WAS INCORPORATED BY LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT, A. D. 1852. In May, 1853, a school was first opened under the charter, by Miss FRANCES A. WOOD (now Mrs. SHIMER) and Miss C. M. GREGORY. From that time to the present, it has continued without interruption in charge of the same Principals.

The first Term opened with eleven pupils, and closed with forty. Since that time the numbers in attendance and the prosperity of the Institution have been constantly increasing, till it has obtained a position truly enviable, and second to no similar one in the West.

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The Institution has a delightful site, containing twenty-four acres, located in the city of Mount Carroll, Carroll County, Illinois, ten miles from the Mississippi River. The Western Union Railroad passes through the place, opening direct communication East, via Freeport to Chicago, and West, via Savanna, the nearest point on the Mississippi River, to all points north or south, thus making the place easy of access.

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" Winter Term " " " " " January 4th, 1869, " closes April 6th.
" Spring Term " " " " " opens April 7th, 1869, " " " June 10th.

Annual Examination, Commencement Exercises, Students' Re-union and Vacation as follows:

The Sixteenth Annual Examination will begin June 6th, 1869, and end June 9th.

The Annual Exercises of the "STUDENTS' RE-UNION," June 10th, A. M.

The Annual Commencement Exercises, June 10th, P. M.

Summer Vacation, from June 11th to September 17th.

Winter Vacation, from December 23d to January 4th.

EXPENSES.

To Students attending by the year, boarding, with furnished room, tuition in all branches of the Academic and Collegiate departments, incidentals, fuel, lights and washing with usual limitations, at \$176 per school year. Ornamental branches and languages are the only extras. Students attending less than one school year will be charged ten per cent. additional on above rates.

FURNITURE.—Student's rooms are furnished with stove, chairs, study stand, wash-stand, bedstead, mattress, pillow, wash-bowl, pitcher, mirror, and carpet and oil-cloth for floors.

STUDENTS ARE EXPECTED TO FURNISH their own towels, broom, pail, kerosene lamp, napkins, and bedding, consisting of one pair of pillow cases, and one or two bed-quits, according to the severity of the weather.

Extras.

	Ratio, per school year,		\$8 00
French, German and Greek, each per school year,	\$18 00	Tuition to Students not Boarding in Institution.	
Musical on Piano, Melodeon, Organ, Guitar, each per school yr.	44 00	Tuition in Primary Branches, per school year	\$15 00
Private Lessons in Vocal Music, Cultivation of voice	44 00	Tuition in Academic Dept., 1st year's studies, per school year,	26 00
Use of instrument, one hour per day,	" " 01	" " " " " " " "	24 00
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Monochromatic and Drawing,	" " 15 00	Incidentals	" " 2 00
Vocal Music in Classes,	" " 10 00	Vocal Music in Classes,	" " 10 00

DAY SCHOLARS attending less than a year will pay by the term the fractional part of the above expenses.

PAYMENTS IN ADVANCE from Boarding Pupils as follows: September 17th, \$14; Nov. 22d, 44; February 21, \$44; April 7th, \$44. THE COURSE OF STUDY embraces five years. Students prepared to enter an advanced class can do so on examination and complete the course in a shorter time.

DIPLOMAS are conferred on pupils completing the prescribed course. Also Diplomas in Music.

A TEACHER'S COURSE is arranged for those having teaching as a profession in view, and those completing it satisfactorily will receive a Teacher's Diploma.

PECUNIARY AID is afforded to the worthy who need it, and wish to prepare for usefulness. MANUAL LABOR furnished to students wishing to economize in their expenses. Daughters of Clergymen and Missionaries have a discount of $\frac{1}{3}$ from all expenses, except ornamental branches. Tuition free in English course to daughters of deceased soldiers.

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